

THE JOURNAL

actual
polynesia

Independent

Rarotonga \$1.50
Pacific/Asia World \$2

\$1

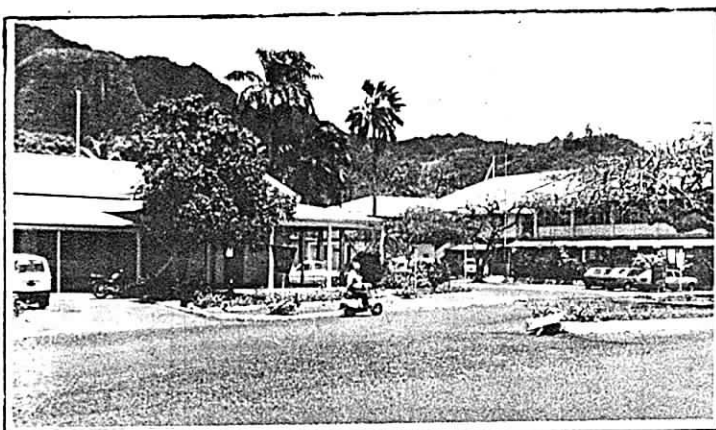
No. 26

January 4 1988

Atiu- Cook Islands

FEATURE

RARO



Central Avarua, Rarotonga - Capital of the Cook Islands

ON THE ROCKS!

"...I'm leaving soon. My children have known nothing but Rarotonga all their lives. I want them to learn what the rest of the world calls working for a living before they become hardened 'bums' as Rarotonga encourages them to be. This place has nowhere to go but down and it's going to get worse!"

-Rarotongan.

(a little the worse for wear!)

Wednesday afternoon. Rarotonga. And the weekend starts here! A long, long trail a-winding from bar to bar from sunrise to sunset. And it's down, down, down. All the way to Hangover Monday. Join the JOURNAL in an end of year limp through the capital....Rarotonga Coming Down!

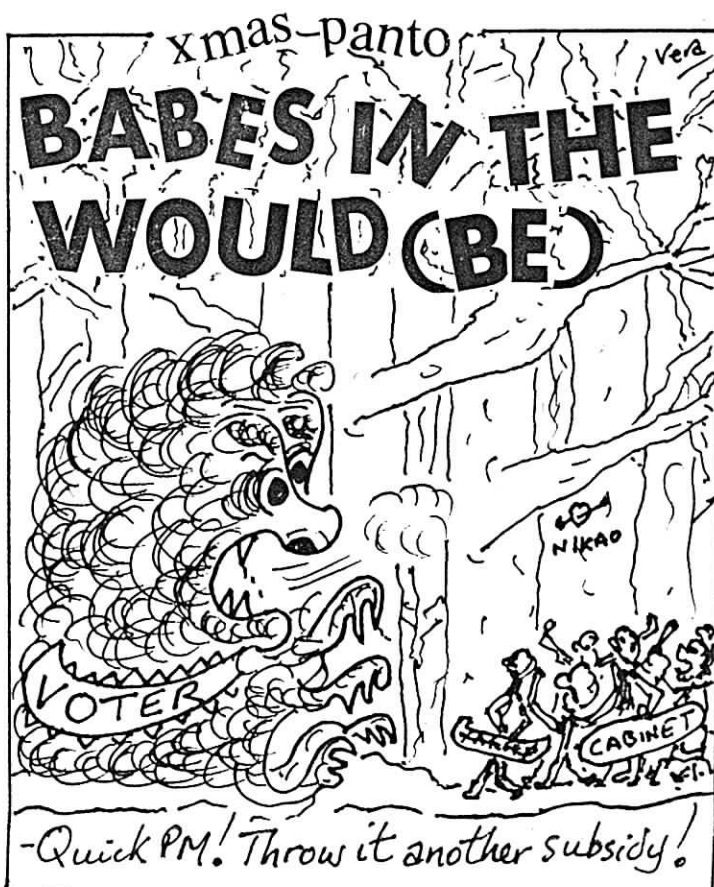
- INSIDE -

POLITICS

Page 3



It was the year the giants toppled and on almost every political stage across the Region the understudies crept out from the wings. The JOURNAL assesses our own fallen giant - Sir Thomas Davis.....1987.



2 HOLIDAY SPECIAL

THE JOURNAL

P.O. ATIU, Cook Islands



"Get to know the
REAL Cook Islands"

**a national
publication.**

The JOURNAL is a weekly review of the Cook Islands and the world from a Cook Islands and Pacific Regional standpoint.

All views expressed are totally independent and are representative of no one political party or faction.

Submissions of articles or publishable

material should be made to the Editor, enclosing s.a.e. (rates by negotiation).

The JOURNAL is owned, published and printed by TERA MANEA (sole proprietor Terupe Patiare Kelly)

EDITOR: David Lewis

Circulation: Atiu, Rarotonga, Aitutaki, NZ, Tahiti, USA, Guam, the Phillipines.

Hawai'i

Reproduction authorised, subject to indication of origin.

CONTENTS

POLITICS

In this our last issue of 1987 and first of 1988, we review our political year, building our report around the most dramatic event in CIs. Parliamentary history.

As is appropriate we open with the grimly sober Xmas Message from HRH Queen Elisabeth II.

page
3

ECONOMICS BUSINESS

Rarotonga LIVE! Rarotonga by NIGHT!! Rarotonga.... DRUNK!

The Weekend starts here! And, in the capital the boom is echoing round and round and round and round and.....

page
19

LIVING

An assessment of the, to us, disastrous SPG venture; a look at the most professional of our sports codes; UNV Volunteers' Day; and a warning report on a big social danger, glue-sniffing...plus a round up of our local news up to the New Year Holiday.

page
11

VERA

The JOURNAL "Entrepreneur of the Year" Awards profiling shock winner of this year's Mr. Development Contest.... Plus an review of le Mighty Frog An...and exclusive news of the whereabouts of the No. 1 Man on the Takutea Zionist Congress hit list...AND "How to Catch Aids" - a do it yourself pictorial guide.

page
26

Editorial

Atiu's oldest citizen died last week aged 85.

Elsewhere in this issue we honour her memory.

But in this editorial there is no place for expressions of honour.

This single column itself is insufficient to express fully the outrage occasioned by the knowledge of the circumstances in which this island's oldest citizen died.

Let it be recorded in this season of institutionalised goodwill and mass intoxication that Atiu's oldest citizen died in poverty and destitution.

....in a nation which boasts a "booming" economy

....in a nation which advertises itself as

heaven on earth

....in a country which now claims to possess millionaires in the ranks of its 17000 citizens

....in a country where public officials spend a million dollars a years travelling the globe

.....in a country where leaders become mock knights in celebration of mediaeval European gluttony

....in a country which has, in 22 years, failed to put a roof over the heads of every one of its 17000 "little" people

The day before we celebrated spending \$100,000 and ate 2000 frozen chickens to celebrate building meeting houses to God.



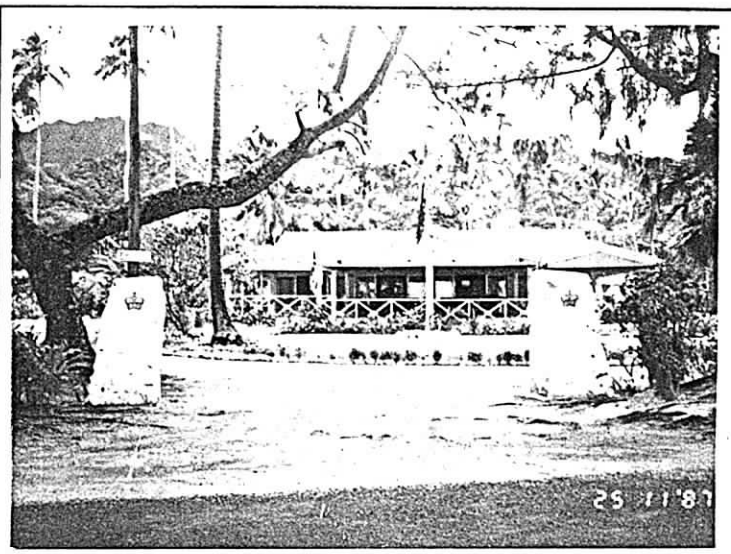
THE QUEEN'S



The traditional Christmas Message from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II of England, Head of State of the Cook Islands addressed itself to the rising levels of racial, social, political and religious confrontation in many areas of the world.

In particular, the message focused upon the recent IRA bombing in the N. Ireland town of Enniskillen on Remembrance Sunday.

The theme of the Queen's Message is the need for Tolerance of Others.



His Excellency Sir Tangaroa, Queen's Representative conveyed Greetings to the Nation from Her Majesty the Queen in his annual Christmas Message.

Sir Tangaroa and Lady Tangaroa expressed their own greetings to all the people of the nation.

In his address, Sir Tangaroa took as his keynote the continued adherence by Cook Islanders to the rule of Constitutional Law.

MESSAGE

Sooner or later, we all become aware of the passing of the years. Every now and then we get a sharp reminder that time is moving on rather quicker than we expected.

This happened to me last month when we celebrated our fortieth wedding anniversary.

I was very touched that many of you were kind enough to send messages of good wishes.

There is no point in regretting the passage of time. Growing older is one of the facts of life and it has its own compensations.

Experience should help us to take a more balanced view of events, and to be more understanding about the foibles of human nature.

Like everyone else, I learn about what is going on in the world from the media.

But I am fortunate to have another source of information.

Every day hundreds of letters come to my desk. And I make a point of reading as many of them as I can.

The vast majority are a pleasure to read. There are also sad ones from people who want help. There are interesting ones from people who want to tell me what they think about current issues or who have suggestions to make about changing the way things are done. Others are full of frank advice for me and my family and some of them do not hesitate to be critical.

I value all these letters as a way of keeping in touch with your opinions.

But there are a few letters which reflect the darker side of human nature.

continued next page



from previous page

QUEEN PROVIDES A SOBER XMAS LESSON

It is only too easy to allow a passionate loyalty towards one's own country, race or religion, or even to one's favourite football team to be corroded into intolerance, bigotry and, ultimately, into violence.

We have witnessed some frightening examples of this in recent years.

All too often, intolerance creates the resentment and anger which fill the headlines and divide communities and nations and even families.

From time to time, we also see some inspiring examples of tolerance.

Mr. Gordon Wilson, whose daughter Marie lost her life in the horrifying explosion at Enniskillen on Remembrance Sunday, impressed the whole world by the depth of his forgiveness.

His strength and that of his wife and the courage of their daughter came from their Christian convictions.

All of us will echo their prayer that out of the personal tragedies of Enniskillen may come reconciliation between the communities.

There are striking illustrations of the way in which the many different religions can dwell together in peaceful harmony.

Each year, I try to attend the Commonwealth Day Inter-Faith Observance at Westminster Abbey.

At that service, all are united in their willingness to pray for the common good.

It is a symbol of mutual tolerance and I find it most encouraging.

Of course, it is right that people should hold their



ENNISKILLEN 1987

beliefs and their faiths strongly and sincerely.

But perhaps we should also have the humility to accept that, while we each have a right to our own convictions, others have a right to theirs, too.

I am afraid the Christmas message of Goodwill has usually evaporated by the time Boxing Day is over,

This year, I hope we shall continue to remember the many innocent victims of violence and intolerance and the suffering of their families.

Christians are taught to love their neighbours not just at Christmas but all year round.

I hope we will all help each other to have a happy Christmas and, when the New Year comes, resolve to work for tolerance and understanding between all people.

Battle Order 1988



Civil Disorder:

- *South Korea
- *Phillippines
- *New Caledonia
- *West Irian
- *East Timor
- *Bangla Desh
- *Pakistan
- *India
- *Sri Lanka
- *South Africa
- *Uganda
- *Spain
- *Ireland
- *Panama
- *Chile
- *China
- *Peru
- *Colombia
- *Bolivia



Civil War:

- *Cambodia
- *Afghanistan
- *Nicaragua
- *El Salvador
- *Mozambique
- *Lebanon
- *Yemen

War: Iran/Iraq



POLITICS

1987 Review

CIP Joke...circa 1978:

As with all good and faithful servants, there came the day when Papa Arap-ati was summoned aloft.

Ever mindful of the need to secure acceptable terms prior to undertaking any new venture (especially one involving commitments for all eternity), the Old Man insisted, as always, upon a negotiated settlement.

After several rounds of talks with representatives of the Angels Federation, it was agreed that he would retain permanent control over a suitab-

le section of Elysia, territory in which a certain T.R.A.H. Davis was perpetually barred entry.

Just as he was about to sign the necessary lease documents, a shadow fell across the conference tablets.

Looking up, the Old Man witnessed a monstrous vision passing across heaven...a mighty burnished chariot of glittering gold drawn by a fleet of angels singing hosannas and Democratic Party slogans.

And at the helm, driving across the full extent of heaven in all His Celestial Glory

was none other than T.R.A.H. Davis.

In fury, the good Papa seized the as yet unsigned letters of agreement and prepared to cast them forever into the pit of darkness wherein languisheth all unresolved industrial negotiations.

"Treachery, betrayal, akakinoanga maata etc."

"Ea'a e Papa e ?" queried the astounded Angel Negotiating Host.

"TERA!!!" bellowed the Old Man, "I negotiate in good faith a peaceful eternity unmolested

by any T.R.A.H. Davises and his hordes of revolting demos...and just as I'm about to sign, what do I see but the very fellow himself lording it across the whole face of heaven in a luxury chariot, parading himself in front of everyone as if he were the Almighty himself. It's too much, I tell you!"

"Calm down e Papa," said the relieved Angel spokesman, "You've got it all wrong. That's an everyday sight up here these days. You'll get used to it. It's just God pretending to be Tom Davis."

"No, but

COMMENTARY

The joke was current ten years ago. Its interest today lies in seeing the extent to which we have traditionally invested our leaders with divine qualities!

No...Tom isn't God! Nor was Papa Arap-ati. And, as we take a traditional look back at 1987, we suggest that the Pacific's political lesson for 1987 was that no leader is.

When Sir Thomas Davis formed his first coalition in August 1984, JOURNAL editor David Lewis was editing the National Government-owned CIs. News. As such, he was closely involved in the presentation of government policy. He has covered CIs. politics throughout the period of all three Coalitions since then, for CIs. NEWS, the CIs. TIMES (opposition), and in the last six months for the independent JOURNAL. In this review of 1987, he takes as a starting point the August demise of Tom Davis and "rambles on from there...rather in the incoherent manner of Pacific politics as a whole in the remarkable year of 1987!"

Seriously"



Sir Thomas Davis

Grotesque caricatures of the 71 year old former Prime Minister used to picture him as a combination of Polynesian fascist, CIA mole, diplomatic clown and self-appointed Dictator for life. Even, in a local press headline which set whole new guidelines for press freedom in the Cook Islands,

continued next page

COMMENTARY

from previous page

he was portrayed to the readership of the Pacific as a common or garden wife-beater!

Now, at the end of 1987, after over 40 years of tempestuous public life, Sir Thomas Davis is no longer caricatured.

He is accorded the massive public respect that is his earned right.

The "Papa Tom's" and "Certainly, Sir Thomas" are delivered with a heap more sincerity than they used to be in the days of power.

Like Albert before him, Tom Davis suffered more than he ever realised from the retinue of yes men and women he collected around him.

"Poetic Justice" some would say, as he appeared in his time to take little interest in undoing the damage being caused by his administration by the court lackeys who sought to interpose themselves between the PM and many voices of genuine dissent.

Albert, nevertheless, retained the fierce loyalty of his supporters right through to the end.

The most unpleasant aspect of Tom's last months was the vicious conniving and private score-settling of his unelected associates "upstairs".

The fact that, in many quarters, Tom Davis ended his administration days as the most disliked leader in twenty years, was really not a comment upon "Papa Tom" or "Sir Thomas". The popularity of "old Tom" since his downfall bears adequate witness to the personal affection in which he is widely held.

That downfall was the result of



ACCOUNTING

As QR Sir Tangaroa Tangaroa noted in his Xmas message, the far-reaching effects of Cyclone Sally were felt throughout the year and, even now, the full accounting of the damage has not been completed.

STRATEGY



It was not only in the Cook Islands that Parliamentary manoeuvring occupied much of MP's attention during 1987. ABOVE: The BULLETIN illustrates Canberra's version of Tom vs. Norm vs. Vince vs. Geoff et al....

factors which are now being recognised for their deep-seated truth in the months following the August "coup".

At the time, simple political wisdom offered a fairly convincing scenario.

Having only partially succeeded in dragging all the "developmental" and "funding" portfolios into his sphere of power, Davis was beginning to feel the pressure of time running out on his administration, so the "insider" script ran.

He was determined to see his programme of infrastructural reform and development completed before his term ran out.

Early plans to use the Coalition's majority to increase Parliamentary term had not materialised.

His Coalition "colleagues" (bound by no political programme or philosophy beyond pumping "development" into their own constituencies) had oversp-

continued next page

the 9 u o r u m s

(AN EVERYDAY TALE OF POLITICAL FOLK) t r o p o

...Yesminita...the New Local Government Act is going very well...



His Worship the Mayor is most enthusiastic indeed...



...especially about the Worshipping!



COMMENTARY

from previous page

ent massively and were still looking for more money.

----- and out

All these factors, so the popular script ran, led to a situation whereby "Papa Tom" became more and more autocratic, setting up dubious overseas funding sources known only to himself, failing to consult Cabinet and altering appropriations at his own whim.

Above all, he was cutting back on local constituency spending, especially in the Outer Is.

Convinced that a Davis-led Coalition would be an election disaster, his colleagues therefore relieved him of office.

Second thoughts

At least, that was the popular version of the "coup" which has, by and large, filtered into public acceptance.

And, as far as we have been able to ascertain, it fits adequately as a superficial description of the events of July-August.

To the extent that all popular conspiracy stories require a simple plot together with a hero, a villain and a pack of all-purpose extras, the "The Dictator Syndrome" (above) will do.

It was the latest in a long line of megasellers featuring Toxic Tom the Power-Crazed Wood-Burner and so forth...

Previous top hits had included the Marcos Connection, The Bashout Bombsh-

ell, The Flosse Farce, The Nuclear No-No etc.

All of them conveniently cast Papa Tom in the role of arch-villain and perpetrator of all things evil.

And it's all very convincing.

EXCEPT....for the fact that the removal of Tom has changed nothing apart from permitting the man himself to resume an honoured place in society as a venerable Cook Islander.

That ***!! Davis' re-emergence over the past few months into normal Cook Islands life as jolly "Papa Tom" the Avatiu touchliner, partygoer, raconteur, fisherman, bon viveur and dignified sage of the opposition back bench.

Which all seems to suggest that:

*whatever disturbing and even sinister trends have been witnessed in CIs. development over the last 3½ years, they are not adequately explained in a simple heroes & villains conspiracy theory.

*by tending to go along with the conspiracy theory and subjecting us to 3½ of personality politics, the opposition (especially the often brilliant Vincent Ingram) are as responsible as government for whatever alterations in CIs. socio-economic structure during the period.

*Tom Davis has been neither hero nor villain, except in the playlet summary of politics which is all the media or the Westminster system can offer the public by way of understanding

the forces which shape their lives. In so far as the human agency has any lasting effect, Albert Henry will probably be judged by history to have exerted a more powerful influence upon passing affairs than Tom Davis.

*The downfall of Mara in Fiji (and his subsequent revival) and Flosse in Tahiti offer similar lessons for observers of Pacific politics in 1987. Mara, Flosse and Davis can all be assessed in terms of their fundamental irrelevance in the face of powerful new forces imposing their presence on Pacific affairs.

Signs of unease

1987 began with natural disasters.

The sequence of devastating hurricanes which hit Melanesia and Polynesia obscured the rising political unrest which erupted later in the year.

There were signs of unease (Libyans, CIA scares, subs, Russian treaties, and a year-long



RELATIONS

Cook Islands opted out of any particular stance towards Fiji, hoping for normal relations to be resumed as soon as possible.

series of elections, the combined weight of which was certain to create widespread instability) but the Great Personalities still appeared to be in charge.

One by one, they proved irrelevant.

Lange and Hawke were re-elected because international money markets responded to the vision of stability their remaining in office offered.



RELATIONS

Victorious NZ leader David Lange...CIs. Coalition III leaders expressed hopes for improved relations.

Similarly, Wingti was able to put together a working coalition on the promise of a stability that would attract international investment.

Flosse, Mara and Davis were overthrown because they still believed in their own personal relevance.

All three set themselves up as old time chiefs

In the face of remarkably similar economic situations (rapidly polarising societies), they were tossed aside.

Each has remained as a political tool (of France, of the Fiji Conservatives, of the CIs. opposition).

Joining them in irrelevance were the once mighty figures

continued next page

COMMENTARY

from page 5

of Scmare and Lini, the latter barely surviving personal ill-health, a disastrous election and a threatened internal "coup".

1987 marked a turning point in Pacific politics.

It may be seen by history as the year when the personality cult was brought to an end.

Far greater forces than can be manipulated by personalities are moving in to the Region.

They go by the name of "France", "USA", "USSR", "Global Strategy", "Space Research", "Mineral Exploitation", "Trade", "Multi-Nationalism", "Japan", "China", "Social Justice", "Population", "Race", "Neo-Colonialism" and so on....

The Fiji Army offered one no-hope solution.

Each of our tiny micro-nations will be forced to seek its own stance.

Those which succeed in the political short term will be those which elect to power the most competent economic managers.

The party which can assemble a socialist programme popular enough to achieve domestic support and liberal enough to ensure investment from overseas and disciplined enough to do without the need for "personality" politics and attractive enough to inspire competent people to work for it might...
...MIGHT...have a chance of leading its people into the 21st century with a modicum of independent self-esteem.

Arguably (and here

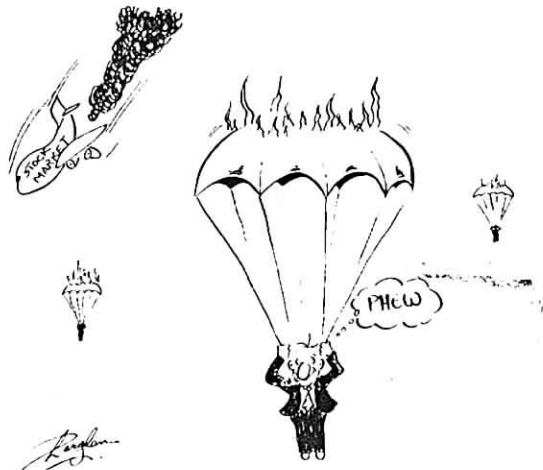
the JOURNAL obviously speaks from a vested interest) the greatest weakness of all in the Pacific is that which was deliberately built into the Region by the colonial powers when they founded the SP Commission in 1947.

It is not health, nor education, nor Tom's beloved infrastructure which is our deep-seated weakness. Their lack does not lead to the kind of social destruction which characterises contemporary Pacific societies.

It is the crushing absence of late 20th century political awareness that is the Pacific's achilles heel.

It is this which is attacked with unerring accuracy by the foreign investors, the tourist entrepreneurs, the personality cult politicians, the super-powers and the evil little village despots who rule the Pacific's ignorant communities with the zeal of a missionary and the cunning of a commissar.

THE CRASH



One of the world-wide by-products of the October World Finance crash was an outbreak of black humour directed at the speculator victims.

ABOVE: The BULLETIN has a go!

If the irrelevance of the Great Personality is the lesson the Pacific has learnt in 1987, the year has also offered three enormously important lessons from outside the Region.

The Great Financial Crisis of October onwards has shown how closely interlocked are national economies and the extent to which we live in a Global Economy. If nothing else is gained from this knowledge, it may mercifully remove fatuous statements about.

The remarkable programme of "renewal" in the USSR has indicated the extent to which even a vast nation can utilise democratic structures to produce a cohesive national sense of purpose which does not involve competing against other countries.

The equally remarkable Chinese People's Congress showed the skill required by any national leadership in spotting early

continued next page

POLITICS



As in previous years the world-famous US-based Australian cartoonist Oliphant kept up a stream of irreverent comment on world affairs in 1987. ABOVE: His most brilliant picture of President Reagan going out of control dates from 1985 but could just as easily apply to 1987!

COMMENTARY

from previous page

on the danger signs of a developing "personality cult" and the need to remove it peaceably.

Those three huge lessons from enormous global standpoints can be applied to our own micro-situation with great value.

If we can learn a little from them, 1988 might turn out somewhat less depressing than many predict.

A year of endless personality attacks by the opposition?

A year of lavish hand-outs by government members "buying" votes?

A year of increasing social divisiveness?

A year of escalating prices?

A year of deeper foreign penetration of the economy?

A year of further migration?

OR....

A year in which all political factions present their factual analysis of our contemporary economic dilemma..

A year in which each party offers a constructive platform...

A year in which a fearless media assists an informed public assess their options....

....keep dreaming!

Sex plans



32 cases of AIDS diagnosed in neighbouring Tahiti in 1987. Will 1988 be the year we learn of the first CIs. case? ABOVE: Oliphant offers a grim warning on national unpreparedness.

SO WHAT WAS THE TRUTH?

NEWS



The Bottom of 1987:
Donna Marie Withers/
Winters re-surfaces.....

The biggest potential scandal of 1987 occurred at the end of the still controversial Paris trip by new PM Pupu-uke Robati and Foreign Minister Norman George.

THE LOW LIFE

Lunchtime sauce gets saucier

MARTIN WARNEMINDE reports on a spicy restaurant trade for jaded palates.

A front page story in the Melbourne issue of TRUTH told of a lunchtime session at a Sydney strip bar involving the PM and 21 year old cover girl/stripper, Donna-Marie Withers.

After statements by the PM to CI NEWS and by the

Comment

NEWS

Foreign Minister to the JOURNAL plus investigations conducted by the JOURNAL and TE AKATAUIRA, a version of what happened was published by both the JOURNAL and TE AKATAUIRA.

Placing confidence in statements given by CIs, political leaders and having received directly reported versions of the incident from the bar owner and the editor of TRUTH, we gave the PM a front page clearance in what we saw as a pretty clear "smear".

TE AKATAUIRA left the story open and speculated on the possibility of the PM being set up by persons or a person un-named.

We closed our story and would not re-open such a story unless new evidence appeared of suffic-



Foreign Minister Norman George told the JOURNAL it was all "a laugh" and really "quite respectable"

ient weight to merit further comment.

That evidence appears to have appeared...casually hidden in a "filler" feature on the inside pages of the November 17 issue of the BULLETIN, a highly respected right-wing Australian international periodical.



A BULLETIN shot of the upstairs eat and ogle lunchtime bar at Laurie's where it appears a full CIs diplomatic party spent lunch hour watching a Brownie strip! Or did they?

Under a feature heading "THE LOW LIFE", Bulletin writer Martin Warneminde offers up a two-page expose piece on "a spicy restaurant trade for jaded palates".

"LUNCHTIME SAUCE GETS SAUCIER" declares Warneminde.

It's a good, slick well-written piece covering the apparently new outbreak of rent-a-tit lunches in the Sydney smart areas.

What grabs the CIs reader's attention (apart from a couple of hefty bare backsides thrust at the camera) is a sudden, eye-blinking sense of déjà vu!

That pasted-on fixed grin over the shoulder.....

That "Buttercup-ready-for-milking" pose....

Surely.....

Why, of course, it's none other than the regularly exposed Ms Donna-Marie Withers (well...Donna Winters, according to the BULLETIN, but ...a wither by any other name, eh what?).

According to the article, the new fashion in strip show lunches is a replacement for near-naked women cream wrestlers, which have gone out

of fashion in Sydney business lunch circles.

SA Commissioner for Equal Opportunities Josephine Tidy describes the shows as "tit and bum lunches".

The BULLETIN article features (well, we never!) lunch at the Clock Hotel, the same Clock Hotel visited by the PM's party.

As the PM is supposed to have noted in explanatory statements, part of the Clock Hotel establishment offers prize-winning steaks.

This is the "Clock Cellar".

However, it appears from the BULLETIN article, that the Clock Hotel is a two-storey building and upstairs from the gourmet Cellar is the eat 'n ogle "Laurie's" where Star Stripper Donna Winters-Withers performs for eaters in a Brownie Uniform and later performs without her Brownie Uniform!

The manager of Laurie's is said to bear the nickname "Tricky", the head waiter "Rosebud" and, all in all, the place is said to have established a "club atmosphere".

Restaurants such as "Laurie's" are said

to rely on word of mouth advertising. It apparently offers no footpath sign, just an unmarked door.

The whole seedy "business" of lunchtime strip shows, total see-thrus, cream wrestling, foxy boxing, has come under scrutiny by government anti-discrimination agencies who are said to be waiting "for their chance to pounce".

Asked whether the raunchy restaurants were harming anyone, E.O. Commissioner Josephine Tidy remarked, according to the BULLETIN, "...the respect in which all women are held and the esteem with which women regard themselves is damaged whenever women allow themselves to be used



PM Robati threatened legal action.

in exchange for money as objects of mockery and scorn."

SO

The BULLETIN (from which the photographs and article under review above are taken) is, of course, a highly reputable right of centre international news magazine.

The descriptions given of the Clock Hotel, Laurie's, Ms Withers/Winters' act, the reputation of the luncheon-strip show entertainments and the Australian Government Agencies'

continued next page

NEWS

from previous page

stance towards them can be accepted as absolutely accurate, we believe.

HENCE, the JOURNAL considers it most appropriate that the "PM and the Stripper" incident should be re-opened.

In the light of the BULLETIN article, the explanations offered by our leaders about the incident are somewhat less than the public may wish to know.

These appear to be the new issues now arising:

•The PM's party were on official diplomatic duty on behalf of, and in the name of, the CIs. people. The party comprised some of the highest dignitaries in Cook Islands public life.

SO.....

•Why were they lunc-
hing at a "raunchy
restaurant" with a
reputation suffici-
ent to arouse the
attention of Austr-
lian government
Morality Agencies?

•Why, if they were
attracted by the
quality of steaks
at the Clock Cellar,
did they end up up-
stairs at a "word-of-
mouth" strip show.

•Why, when faced with
scenes as depicted in
the photos above, did
they not walk out
immediately as inter-
national diplomats
representing their
nation?

•How can they just-
ify being present
at a show which
(in the words of
a State E.O. Comm-
issioner) presents
women "as objects
of mockery and sco-

rn", to say nothing
of the apparent
mockery made by
Ms Winters/Withers
of one of our
cornerstone uniform
groups?

Overseas trips are
a major political is-
sue in the Cook Isl-
ands with at least
a million and a half
dollars spent by
Ministers and Public
Servants.

The JOURNAL has
consistently suppo-
rted the need for
considerable overse-
as travel by those
who plan and manage
our national devel-
opment.

The BULLETIN discl-
osures about the na-
ture of entertainm-
ents sought by high
officials, raise
serious fears in the
minds of the public
as to whether they
are being made "mugs"
of by public repres-
entatives.

The JOURNAL already
possesses detailed
rumours of Public
Servants' activities
from US massage par-
lours to Asian bath
houses. We have alw-
ays regarded them as
slandorous smears.

Maybe, we have been
wrong to do so.

The JOURNAL, like
the public at large
would be re-assured
by a full, sincere
and non-threatening
account of all the
circumstances surro-
unding the visit to
the Clock Hotel.

After all, one of
the major reasons
why Cook Islanders
remain at their pos-
ts on $\frac{1}{2}$ NZ salaries
at twice NZ prices
is a belief in this
country.

And that means...a
belief in this coun-
try's leaders.

LIVING

OH DEAR!

SO VERY DEAR

The real loser among the
hordes of also-rans who
returned home from the
disastrous SPG in Noumea
is the hard-typing local sports
journalist and his hard head-
scratching sub-editor.

I mean, it's not every day you
get the chance of racking up
the headlines to cover rugby
teams who cry when they lose
(ALL-GREEN 'TEAR-AWAYS'!!!),
cricket teams who beat French

continued next page

SPORT



'IA
ORANA



TRADITIONAL CREATIVE ARTS
ATIU, THE COOK ISLANDS
(PROP. terupe kelly putiarc)

terai manea

from previous page

colonies (COMMENT CA, MONSIEUR L'UMPIRE ? ..ATTRAPE PAR LE MOITIE PAR-DESSUS STUPIDE, JE CR&IS!!!) ..or who get defeated by world record scores (PNG GET RUNS ...COOKS CONSTIPATED!) and boxers who get medals for losing (COUNTED OUT FOR BRONZE!!).. and so on.

What a wealth of cruel opportunity to be squandered!

What endless opportunities for "Told you so" 's!

But, we are too small. Hugh and the babes in green are our friends, our neighbours, our mates.

And we just can't hose into the lamentable waste of time, effort, and above all money with the gusto that the media would dish out to overseas teams if they came back demanding public welcomes after the performance put up in Noumea.

Nevertheless, the media does have a duty to its readers to put news into perspective and offer some form of objective comment to assist them in making up their own minds.

So, let's get one problem out of the way.

Hugh Henry has, for 20 years, done more for the development of Cook Islands sport than any other single individual.

He is of the highest international class in one field of sports endeavour, broadcasting. His personal standards of sports performance are relentlessly demanding. He is personally ruthlessly demanding upon himself in golf and cricket, never hidi-

ng behind an excuse when he performs below expectations.

So how can as outstanding a sports leader and as exceptionally talented a sports performer as the President of our Olympic Association serve up the excuse-ridden, tearful, ungracious apology for a disaster as Hugh gave to the ever-obedient CIs NEWS front page on his return from Noumea?

Maybe, he has just got used to it after three consecutive SPG's in which inexcusably large CIs teams have gone off for a trip at enormous public expense and brought no credit on themselves, their sport or their country.. except as happy, smiling losers (although this time, it appears, a new note was struck by the rugby team in becoming miserable, crying losers!)

Whatever, it is, the JOURNAL (having cut ourselves off from all sports vested interest in order to write independently) respectfully suggests, the President of CIASOA is in a position to perform his most useful service in a long history of sports leadership by letting each code know firmly, from now on, he is NOT going to be their apologist if they can't measure up.

That having been said, what about the appalling misuse of at least \$100,000 worth of sports cash which has very much upset local coaches and fans who politely protested beforehand?

First, the performances:

RUGBY: Everything that Terry Hagan and his team worked so hard to achieve in 1985 has been

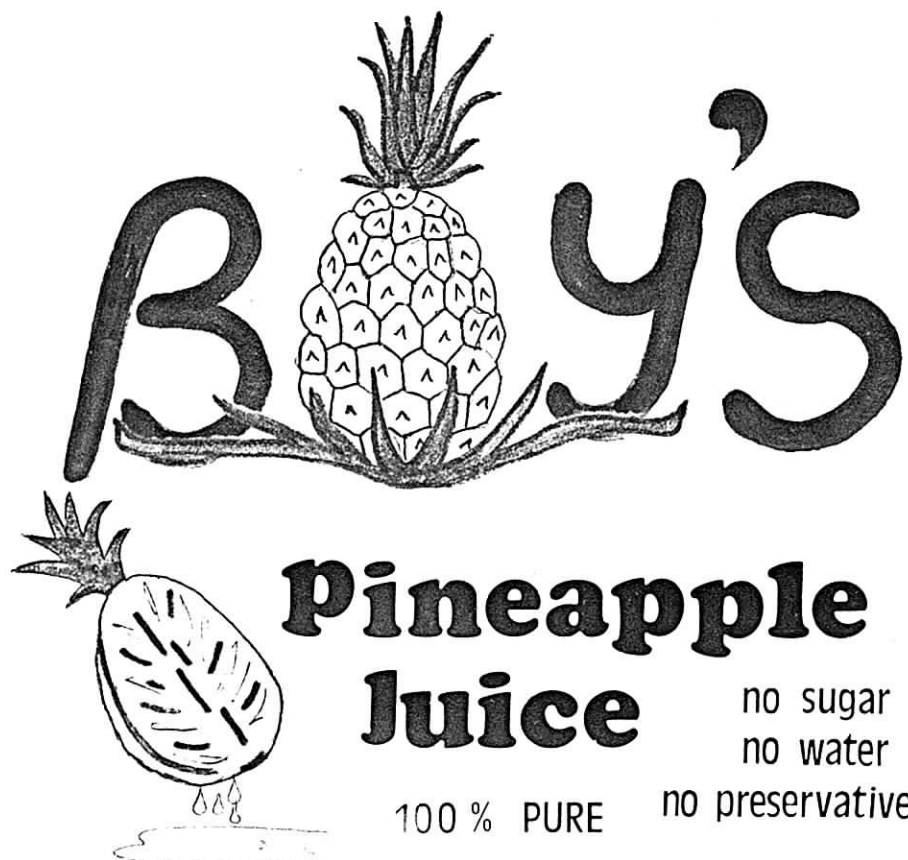
tossed away. The code is left with no international future under present conditions.

2. CRICKET: A farce. Let's hope the game is buried on the village greens where it belongs and that, as with soccer in 1971, no rep from the Guinness Book of Records was watching the PNG game.

3. GOLF: Let the old men, has-beens and aging dreamers stick to their business house foursomes and send the rare (but already aging) hopefuls like Walter Henry overseas with any money going so that he can find out what real courses are all about.

4. TENNIS: Unless the Association is prepared to wipe the village competitions and start the 12 year olds on a minimum 4 hour

continued next page



Product of Atiu, Cook Islands

from previous page

a day training programme all year round, don't ever ask for public money to go on trips again.

5. **ATHLETICS:** Do your homework before telling nice kids that they are medal prospects. Then go back to sending them to NZ schools' meetings or find events in which they are competitive. (BUT, the athletics performance was, in the proper use of the term, genuine good experience. These youngsters could be the basis of medal winners in 1989 and 1991).

6. **BOXING:** Forget it! Stop living off the REAL work put in by Toro, Peter and Piri in the 60's. Puai Utia (as he showed in '83) was worth a trip. The rest will end up brain-damaged unless they LEARN the sport before slugging out titles "fights". Rupe Rima has a good future...in Rugby League!

AND THAT LEAVES....

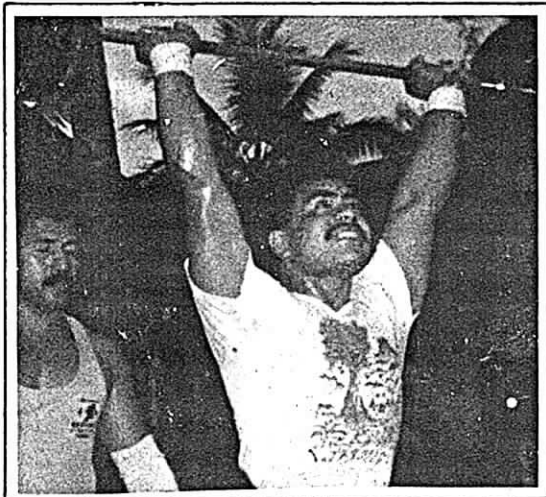
7. **WEIGHTLIFTING:**

Thanks, lads!

Properly prepared, in touch with standards and a 4-5 year build-up at gradually more demanding levels, Mike Tererui and his suitably small team alone resembled a senior national sports team representing their nation at an international Games.

In a way, it was good that the Netballers and the Bowlers did not go.

The undoubted genuine medal haul they would have brought back would have obscured the true picture of selfish inadequacy that characterised the 1987



Mighty Mike Tererui-silver medallist

SPG performance by the majority of our codes.

Rough? Certainly.

Unfair? Not really.

Presumptuous, by a paper that was not at the Games?

Maybe. But, the media is a simple beast. It is like the sporting public and looks, not at excuses, but at results.

After all, just as the public and government coughed up for the Noumea trip, so this paper has put money into sports sponsorship this year.

And, like all our much bigger sponsorship colleagues, we want to be associated with results.

That's the way of international sport.

It is hard, demanding, tough and all those other things that the modern Cook Islands is not interested in.

Sadly, our performance in Noumea (Mike and the lads apart) symbolised the national Cook Islands disease - "handoutitis"... "let's grab what we can, offer nothing in return, have a good trip, and cry when things go wrong."

There could, of course, be lessons, if CIASOA wish to apply them.

1. CIASOA are failing in their duty as the setter of national standards

and final selector. They should take a look at the ruthless slashing of codes' nominations in Olympic Committee selections overseas ..and apply the same principles here, with every executive member automatically cutting himself out of any discussion involving a vested interest.

2. No private sponsorship should ever be allowed. It cuts across NOC responsibilities and produces a situation similar to the Cayman Islands at the 1982 BCG.

3. CIASOA alone should finance Games teams. This will make them more responsible and let the public know they are serious.

4. No code should be permitted to go anywhere in the name of the Cook Islands until it has established itself as a proper fully developed NATIONAL sport in all parts of the country. This might stop the aged has-beens on Rarotonga jacking up international trips for themselves.

5. CIASOA should state right now, that regardless of free tickets, Mike Tererui ALONE will go to the Olympics. That might at least put Olympic representation into some sort of perspective. God help us who try to offer CIs. sportsman some

contact with the reality of standards in the international world if kids who wouldn't win a NZ school sports are sent to compete at the Olympic Games!

Then, perhaps, if CIASOA are not willing to establish proper respect for international standards and proper honour for the Sawtells, Tereruis, Areas and netballers who have put in the heart-breaking hours and personal sacrifice needed to reach out for them (and the Georges, Marsters, Kamanas, Whittackers, Cowans, Keenans etc who made them), then maybe the business community better take over the responsibility and refuse any more hand-out sponsorship until sportsmen and women can come up with performance instead of tears.

There are two major events in 1988.

The first is the Olympics, at which we hope to tune in to Hugh telling us realistically that Mike Tererui has had an honourable shot and got nowhere near the Bulgarians and Russians but (almost, if he had got gold at Noumea) deserved to be on the same stage.

The second is the RL Pacific Cup where we demand nothing less than a win.

And, probably, if they lose, they will get the same shellacking they deservedly got in 1986 when they lost to the Maoris - a roasting which may go a long way towards making sure they produce the goods in Samoa in October.

It has to be that way CIASOA, with respect.

OR...

Go on your free trips on your own money...and cry to your hearts' content!

INTERNATIONAL VOLUNTEER DAY

As our photo-coverage depicts, International Volunteers' Day on Atiu was a time to celebrate achievement, a time to acknowledge excellence, a time to honour hard work and, above all else, a time to a time to smile, share enjoyment and relish the special pleasures of true multi-racial companionship.



Not the winner, but a very happy Atiuan baby!



ABOVE: Guests of Honour from left: CAO Moe Boaza; Minister Norman George; Mrs Nane George; Dr. Tamarua; Mrs Tamarua and Mrs Vatsyayann.



ABOVE: Recipient of the prestigious George Trophy for all-round excellence in academic, sporting, cultural and community work, Miss Helen Mokoroa (17)

A Day to Remember

RIGHT: Proud Holder of the Atiu College DUX Trophy for 1987 signifying top academic student of the year, 12 year Joy Vatsyayann!



ABOVE: UNV Volunteers Day Organiser, Suresh Vatsyayann (right) and CIs. Director General of Health, Dr. Tamarua.



ABOVE: The very talented SDA choir which entertained a packed hall of spectators.

ECONOMICS

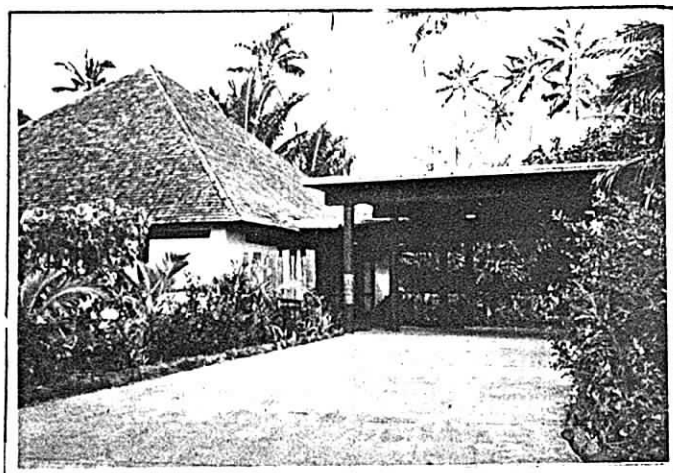
FEATURE

by

DAVID LEWIS

Focus ON

RAROTONGA



It's not often you get a free trip to the "Big-ish" Smoke down Rare way. If ever you do, you take the most of it. Savour the atmosphere, eh.

JOURNAL Editor David Lewis recently got such a trip. By courtesy of the go-ahead Cook Islands Rugby League Association. He had to work for it with a spot of broadcasting and writing but even ruggedly professional taskmasters like CIARLA allow some time off for the servants. So, ever mindful of alert ears back home tuned to the faintest tiptoe edging off the straight and narrow path, the chance was taken to take a hazardous wild life safari through the boom-booming economic jungle we hear about in the Outer Islands but so rarely have an opportunity to explore.....

Getting this one off the ground has not been easy.

So, why not just do a pre-Beachcraft Air Raro....

Just press a button, hold on tight and keep flapping till you're over the reef and...Great Flaming Hockins....you're off!

But you can't, see.

The problem is not the common or garden expanse of featureless A4 Antarctica stretching as far as the typewriter rolls

No it's not that which initially freezes the fingers at the keys

It's the numbness It's fair skull-busting. The numbness, bro'. After a week in Raro.

Especially if the week's sandwiched between an outward trip with Linbergh and a return as first mate on the Graf Spee.

It's a numbness which is the the decaying midlife cadavre's defence mechanism when thrown into an advanced state of bewilderment.

And the bewilderment is largely occasioned by passing almost seven days in the company of millionaires, politicians, businessmen, public servants youth leaders, spor-

ts brahmins, deacons, sailors, airmen, bulldozer drivers, waitresses, taxi drivers, teachers, doctors and other assorted leaders of men and pillars of national society...

...and seriously doubting whether any one of them was sober!

It's possible that the twenty six contestants for the 1987 Rugby League Grand Final at the National Stadium WERE, in fact, all sober.

But, as the winners all ended up in the arms of Tutai Pere and the losers disappeared within ten seconds of the final bell to stick pins

into plasticine effigies of the Rugby League Committee, it was hard to find out.

If they were all able to walk a straight line down the touch unaided, the odds seemed pretty short that by bell time at the Grand Final, they would have been in a remarkably small minority.

For it was Wednesday and...as Freddie used to say at four on Fridays on Radio Ikurangi... "the weekend starts here, guys and gals!

A friend drew the full picture. In a pool of stein on the counter at TJ's.

"I'm bewildered," I noted, "sort of

continued next page

FEATURE

from previous page

Some of the wealthier organised a ritual Royal Puke in the form of a satirical re-enactment in the form of a Grand Gluttons Banquet attended by a representative cross-section of Rarotongan Counts, Viziers and assembled noblemen...all dedicated to ensuring that the Roriss-eurs at the Rarotongan received a lavishly garnished raspberry souffle up the Royal Orifice

It all got very vicious the day after, hence the altercation between the Rarotongan Hotel and Cooks Lager.

All in all, it offered a jolly interesting glimpse of the absurdity into which Rarotonga has descended.

At times frighteningly Beckettian to any concerned as to whether a life or a career merits being devoted to playing a role in the awful spectacle, our capital is at all times very disturbing these days.

Polarised, exploited, crass, cultureless, mindless, boring, corrupt and totally, irretrievably beyond the control of the people, it possibly is heaven on earth...to your average Ethiopian.

TASTE

But I was probably very biased.

One of the main reasons for visiting the capital is to get a hot bath.

I arrived to find the place was out of water!

"Have a beer instead," suggested my host, "it hides the smell."

So we went round and round like everyone else...having a beer and meeting the plane.

I must admit that after a while the taste of it all was slowly beginning to strike the spot, as they say.....

But even the awfullest of things has to end and the next boat brought the family over very suspicious at the long absence of the breadloster.

They had return tickets for the round trip back.

I didn't object. I was still too bewildered to resist and the deep seated numbness which had set in was a suitable pre-condition for a 19 hour trip back to Atiu.

As if to confirm
As if to reinforce

As if to make sure I was left in no doubt whatsoever as to the impending doom awaiting our once beloved capital,

OVERSEAS

I was accosted just before leaving by a old well-beloved mate who has seen it all and done most of it ever since independence.

"I tell you, mate," he confided, the knuckles whitening around the Stein glass, "It's going to get worse and worse. We haven't even sniffed the level of corruption that's on the way. The worker has not got a show! Take it from me."

I felt inclined to agree. This mate hasn't been far out in his judgments in the ten years I've known him.

"I've got to go, mate. There's another world out there. I've got to see it before I go."

I tried a joke but he wasn't in the mood at all.

"The whole show's gone beyond a joke, mate. I tell you my children have known

nothing but Rarotonga all their lives. I want them to learn what the rest of the world calls working for a living before they become hardened bums as this place encourages them to be....."

He emptied his glass and searched for a line to sum it all up.

"I want my boys to learn a bit of basic morality," he concluded.

"So where are you thinking of going?" I asked.

"Queensland," he replied.

It was then that the numbness and the bewilderment all sort of merged into stunning incomprehension.

I didn't argue.

I had 19 hours on the Manuvai to face.

With morality on auto-pilot!

FOOTNOTE

"Have a drink, sir!" He was a former pupil. Some brain cells remained intact.

He'd exchanged his desk for a bar-stool and was into sociology.

"It takes some getting used to," he said, "it's not like in the old days last year. Everything's changing. The weekend starts after breakfast Wednesday. And it's getting earlier each month....."

"Soon next weekend I'll start before this one's finished!"



the end

Open to all

AML



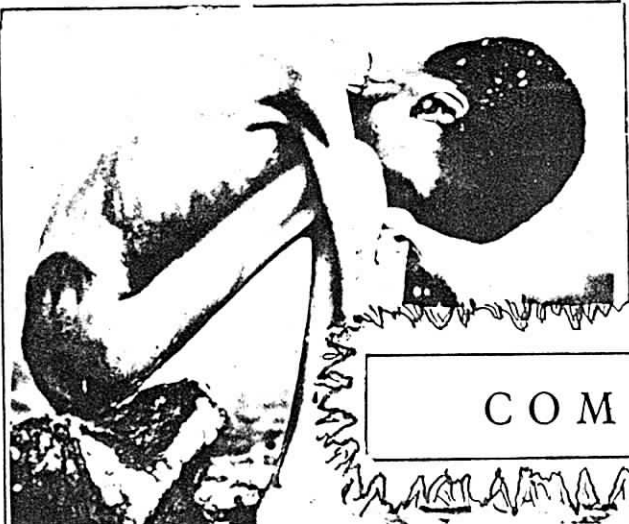
AFTER WORK WEEK-ENDS TONIGHT

WELCOME

Here's more:

NO APOLOGIES

CHAINE des ROTISSEUR^S
BAILLIAGE NATIONAL DES ILES COOK



Lightly Underdone Ethiopian Ribs
à la famine flambée.

COMMENTARY

- G

LE MENU

LE MARLIN FUME AU FENOUIL

LE CONSOMME AUX CHAMPIGNONS

LA SALADE DE LANGOUSTE AU PRE VERT

LES NOISETTES D'AGNEAU A L'AVOCAT

E

LE SORBET DE COCO AU GIN

LE PAVE DE BOEUF A LA GLACE DE VIANDE

LA MOUSSE DES ILES COOK

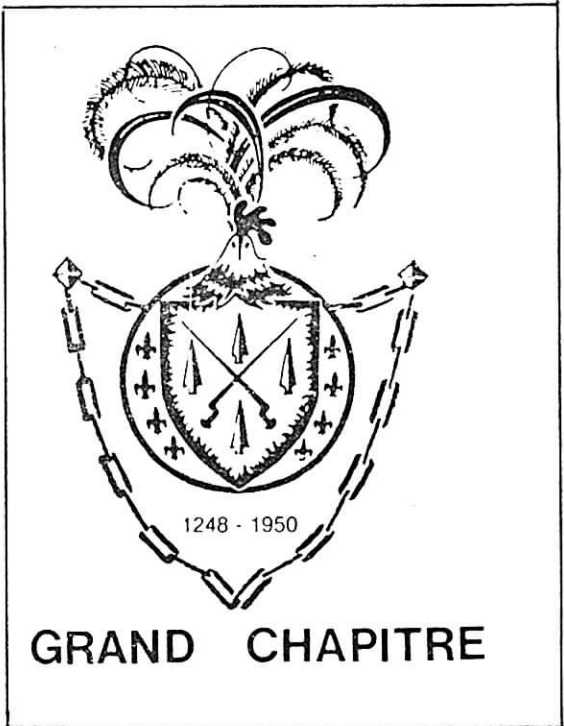
T

LE PLAT DE FROMAGE

LES PETITS FOURS ET MIGNARDISES

LE MOCCA DE ATIU

S
T
U
F
F
E
D



UN SOUPÇON
OF
AN GER

Louis IX of France had one of his rougher years in 1248, the year given by the Rarotongan Hotel as the date when he apparently founded "La Chaine des Rotisseurs."

Assuming the throne in 1226, he is accredited in European History as being the first "post-mediaeval" monarch. He spent a lot of his time crusading and saving Christendom in the manner of a Renaissance Ronald Reagan brandishing courtly Pershings in the direction of the Khomeinis of the period.

He was on such a mission in 1248 and residing at the time in Cyprus contemplating a marine landing in Lebanon and attempting high level negotiations with the Mongols. Not long after, in time-honoured Middle East traditions, he got taken hostage. His subjects coughed up the ransom (it is not recorded whether the Rotisseurs chipped in but presumably they were on hand to roast a goose or two on his return).

Like so many of history's politically ambitious, from Pilate to Jimmy Carter, the Middle East proved Louis' downfall. In 1270, he set out on some more shuttle diplomacy, stopped off at Carthage, caught a fever and died.

He left behind him a legacy of new laws, economic structures and a cherished niche in all French school-boys' memories as the king "who dispensed justice under an oak tree."

Oh...and he also bequeathed to posterity and the wrath of sections of the Rarotongan capitalist proletariat, La Chaine des Rotisseurs....

In between providing some slight but acknowledged relief from the pack of feudal vipers (the contemporary Pope's description!)

he took over from, Louis IX behaved in precisely the manner expected of the princes and kings around whom traditional European puppetuna is constructed.

He supported torture, strengthened the Inquisition, massacred infidels and founded chains of rotisseurs.

The reason for "founding" such "chains" was to establish controls over the rising "middle-men" class of entrepreneurs.

Capitalist penetration of society was a threat to the estab-

lished ruling class.

Enterprising "middle men" were attempting to corner the entire supply of essential foodstuffs with a view to selling at rock bottom prices.

Established merchants formed "guilds" to exercise control over threatening entrepreneurs. They sought royal patronage to assist them.

Louis IX saw merit in supporting merchant guilds.

There was nothing quaint about the establishment of 13th century merchant guilds.

It was merely the reflection of responses and counter-responses to economic forces. It goes on in Atiu today!

SO

So...why get bothered if a bunch of modern tourist operators play at 13th Century charades?

We offer the following:

*Because Europeans have taken a long time trying to remove the mythology of history written by and for princes and kings in an endeavour to get somewhere near the truth...and the arrant nonsense put out by the Rarotongan Hotel blurb is insulting to those who care for European culture.

*Because privileged elites and Ministers of the Crown in an aid recipient, so-called developing nation stuffing them-

selves on "salade de langouste au pré vert" is an outrageous insult to the third world at a time when genuine 3rd World nations are starving.

*Because mediaeval antics are an insult to Cook Islanders and New Zealanders who have totally rejected the European Aristocracy of which they (or their ancestors) have been historical victims.

*Because, if the perpetrators of the affair (decent, nice guys at heart, all of them) think carefully, Feudal European Celebrations are anathema to Polynesia, New Zealand, and to the Developing World.

AND

As the JOURNAL has observed on other occasions, Rarotonga's prime appeal for all its citizens (as opposed to its tourists and temporary residents) is its "classlessness".

The polarisation of Rarotongan society which is widening visibly represents a challenge to all Cook Islanders. In so far as the "rebels" reaction to the unfortunate (but granted well-meaning) antics at the Rarotongan represents an instinctive refusal to accept "class" in any overt guise, the JOURNAL expresses solidarity with Sir Thomas, Count von Ellis, Honest Jacques le Croupier and the rest of the Hibiscus court retinue!

"This whole thing is not funny, mate. It's a disgrace and you can quote me!"

Ross Hunter - Rarotongan Businessman.



Ethiopia.....a different kind of aid recipient.

COMMENTARY

BUT

When it comes to assessing the need for re-enactments of elitist European archaisms in a developing nation struggling to cling to a measure of social equality, the JOURNAL is admittedly biased.

However, when it comes to reporting on the work of the Rarotongan Hotel, the JOURNAL recognises that it is covering an institution which forms an integral part of major development programmes. Furthermore, unless something we aren't aware of has taken place, the Hotel belongs in the final analysis to the people.

Also, the JOURNAL recognises that the management of the Hotel, given its special terms of reference, is not an easy affair.

All reports we receive demonstrate clearly that Mr. Ed. Zielinski is offering management at the highest international level.

Our own business is aware of the courtesy and eagerness he has displayed towards Cook Islands development initiatives.

And finally, we have nothing but admiration for the professionalism displayed by the Hotel's Assistant Food and Beverage Director, Mr. Thomas Koteka.

The JOURNAL's instincts, then, are neutral in the pre-Xmas Battle of the nosh and booze fraternity.

The JOURNAL officially attended neither function.

But, we do suggest that, in the High Court of Cook Islands Public Opinion, a clear verdict was given during the days following the rival banquets held by the "Chaine de Rotisseurs" and the "Societe Gluttoniers Supreme".

People we spoke to noted that senior political leaders were present at both functions:

-The PM, Deputy PM and Chairman of Cabinet attended the Rotisseurs...

-The ex-PM and an ex-Deputy PM

went along to the Gluttoniers.

Almost without exception, the Man-in-the-Swamp declared that if the former continue representing the people at the Rotisseurs, they may find themselves swapping professional roles with the latter.

BUT...you may disagree.

And to help you disagree, Mr. George Ellis has given us permission to publish a letter sent to him by Mr. Koteka.

The letter presents clearly the position of the "Rotisseurs".

It is a position we

respect but do not agree with.

If we have a serious and positive stance on the whole issue, it is that we would prefer to proscribe all Mediaeval Guilds (both Rotisseurs and Gluttoniers) until they are all prepared to sit across a bare conference table with a glass of water and a dry biscuit listening to the wages and conditions demands of a 20th Century Hotel Workers Union.



Mr. Koteka notes:

CLUB
CAPTAIN COOK
RAROTONGA

Dear Count Von Ellis

Kia Orana!

As you would be aware The Rarotongan Hotel has recently been recognised by the international culinary association 'Chaine des Rotisseurs'. This association has a monthly publication that is distributed to 108 countries and to over 100,000 members. In the last three issues both The Rarotongan and the Cook Islands has received international coverage which in effect is an overseas promotional tool for our country's tourism industry that benefits us all.

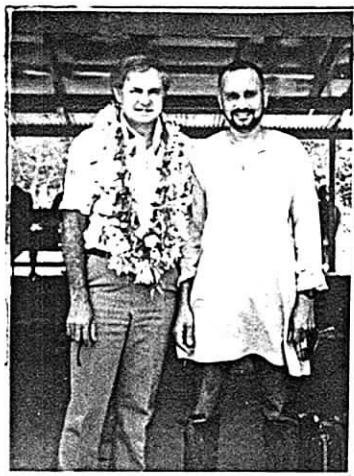
I am honoured to have been selected as a member of this association. This not only affords me and several other Cook Islanders international recognition but many opportunities for expanding our general knowledge and appreciation of the culinary arts in a professional manner. The Inaugural Dinner of the Cook Islands Chapter has presented a unique opportunity for the staff of Brandi's and The Rarotongan. Rarely does a function occur in the Cook Islands that everyone has a chance to gain knowledge from. Our service staff, kitchen staff and banquet staff will benefit from this participation.

The hotel has received its copy of the invitation of Le Societe Gluttoniers Supreme sponsored by Cooks Draught. As Food and Beverage Director of The Rarotongan I find that the hotel and staff have many more opportunities and far more benefits from an association with the Chaine des Rotisseurs than that of the organisation your brewery has chosen to be associated with.

Rather than compromise the hotel's position and to ensure that no one would misunderstand that the hotel has any association whatsoever with the Societe Gluttoniers Supreme I therefore formally advise that the hotel will cease to sell Cook's Lager and that in accordance with our agreement, I am providing seven days notice of our intent to terminate our agreement. Kindly advise me as to where you wish to have the equipment returned to.

Sincerely
THE RAROTONGAN RESORT HOTEL

And here's the best news



3 THANKS

and lockers to be renovated and painted as they were in a very neglected state.

Miro then volunteered to do the job for nothing.

With the assistance of a hospital staff member, and paint supplied by the hospital, the job was completed before his discharge from hospital.

The staff were very much encouraged by this patient's attitude of "getting on with the job" rather than just criticising faults.

Good on you, Miro!

The hospital staff at Atiu Hospital would like to thank publicly MIRO TEAREA for work which he carried out at the Atiu Hospital recently.

Miro, an inpatient, at the time undergoing tests, suggested the need for Hospital Beds

Recently installed in Atiu Hospital are two large ceiling fans donated by the Rarotonga Hospital Comforts Committee.

The fans have been placed in the main ward to benefit the in-patients.

The "Committee" has supplied a number of

items to the hospital this year which have been most useful and very much appreciated by patients.

We in Atiu applaud the work of the Hospital Comforts Committee.

We also give thanks to the EPS for installing the fan wiring.

Atiu Hospital was recently "adopted" by Mirwillumbah District Hospital, NSW, Australia.

Murwillumbah Hospital is a small community Hospital situated just south of Brisbane.

It was the training hospital for Atiu Hospital Charge Nurse, Ross Little.

The "adoption" was as a result of Ross' father visiting Atiu earlier this year (19

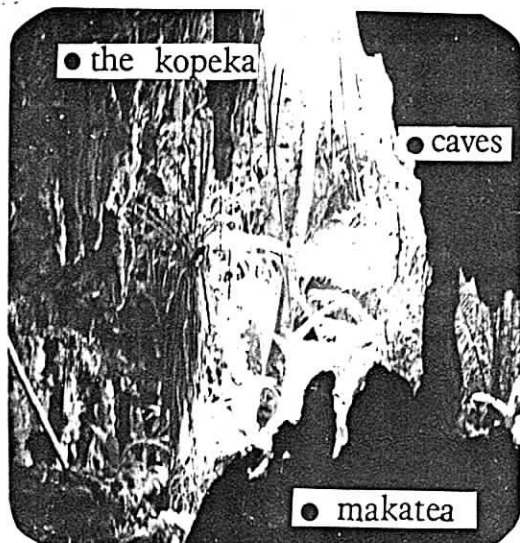
87). Mr. Little is one of the directors of the Hospital Board.

The terms of the "adoption" are, that as equipment at Murwillumbah Hospital becomes obsolete for their purposes they will forward useful items on to us at their expense.

Atiu has already received a number of packages from their new "big sister" including drugs, instruments and dressings.



Atiu Hospital staff flank Bishop Leamy (centre). BACK ROW (RIGHT) Charge Nurse Ross Little. TOP LEFT (ABOVE) Dr. S. Vatsyayann (r) and Dir. Gen. Dr. Tamarua.



Atiu Motel

It was with great regret that the JOURNAL learnt just before Christmas of the death of Mr. KULDIP CHAUDHARI of London, U.K., the brother of Dr. Ms. Subhash Vatsyayann, wife of Dr. Suresh Vatsyayann UNV of Atiu Hospital.

Mr. Chaudhari was the beloved uncle of Joy Vatsyayann of Atiu College.

Mr. Chaudhari was a lawyer in the British Civil Service.

Only 41 years old, Mr. Chaudhari died of a massive heart attack on the 14th December.

The owner, editor and staff of the JOURNAL express their deepest condolences to the Vatsyayann family both as friends and as colleagues on the JOURNAL.

WEEKS OF WAIT AND SEE

Your guess is as good as ours, folks!

Issues 24 and 25 have still not arrived at all destinations, we hear.

Neither, on checking, have a whole lot of other Xmas mail out of Atiu!

No...the government didn't seize the whole issue, as was suggested to us!

We are not Singapore and Dr. Robati is not Lee Kwan Yu!

The government still continues to put up with us.

The opposition remain convinced it's all a Norman George plot.

But....no one can be sure of anything while two whole issues have just up and disappeared.

Seriously, we are contacting the Postmaster General and, failing no satisfaction, will be taking further action.

Please accept our apologies and be assured that the matter is not being left to rest!

OUR KIND OF PEOPLE

To all of you, our subscribers, all the way up to Becky and Hiro in far away Guam to those of you just around the corner; our staff, helpers and backers, especially Roger, Kura and Joy, Suresh, Subhash Ian and John and Kau.

Our readers, kind enough to tell us nowadays you get impatient if we are late on the streets!; les Gluttoniers and les Rotisseurs; CITC and Bounty Bkshop & Pacific Supplies & Pue Shop, our distributors; Air Raro our carrier; USP, our first encourager; to Bob in Hawai'i and Tim in the States and all our far-flung readers; to the business men of Raro who have kept us going; Carmen in the Library and

every hard-done by political leader who have encouraged, grit their teeth and never refused an interview; to the Commissioner who has put up with us and you, Norman, who didn't close us, YOU are our kind of people...thanks and a very Happy 1988 to you all!

from Us!





VERA



"to all well-regulated families
The Spectator, No. 10, Monday, March 12, 1711

THE SATIRICAL WEEKLY OF THE PACIFIC

Tuesday Evening

January

Takutea

DEATH of tourist

Boss

The Takutea Constabulary are anxious to interview anyone seen lurking in the vicinity of former Tourism Commissar Wrecks More, found early this morning throttled to death at the end of a tipani ei,

Close associates of the late Tourism Godfather state that foul play is definitely suspected in view of More's well known aversion to tipani.

"He was a tiare Maori man all through", noted an intimate.

Suspicion is believed to be centring upon one R. Moore, bearing a close resemblance

to the deceased and last seen in the vicinity of the Edgewater Hotel.

The public have been advised not to go near this man who is believed to be incapable of anything.

The dead man leaves behind him a note book containing the phone numbers of several Miss Cook Islands contestants.

Reports from Numea indicate that the Cook Islands South Pacific Games team narrowly missed winning one hundred and sixty three gold medals at the recent SPG.

"If the referees hadn't been biased, the officials not crooked, and the opposition not cheated we'd have smashed them," said a spokesman adding, "the Frogs knew it, too. That's why they poisoned us with their rotten food."

sport

Overnight hangovers delayed the start of play on the final day of the 10 day unlimited over test between the Takutea Has-Beens and the visiting Rotisseurs XI, at the Takutea Oval.

The home side had been dismissed for they claimed wqs about a couple of zillion in their first innings.

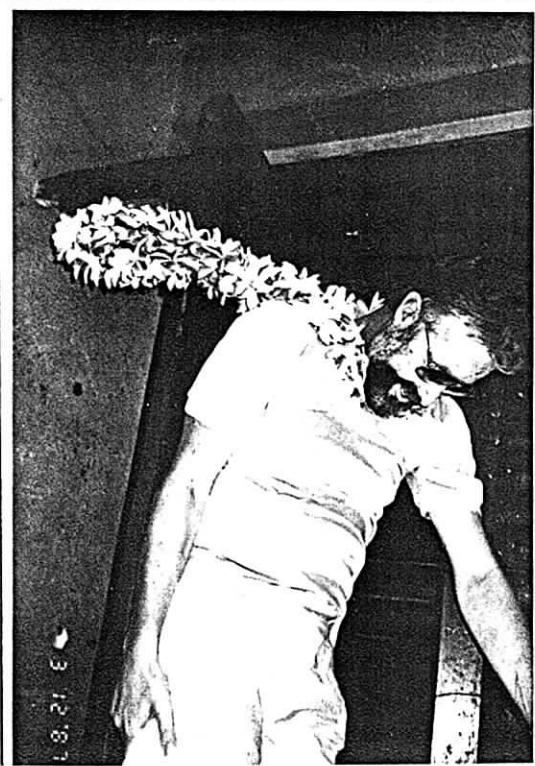
Following a protracted series of appeals against the light (The Rotisseurs insisting it was far too bright and gave them a headache) both teams agreed to pack it all in and spend the day recovering on the beach.

The Takutea squad

to meet the returning Cook Islands SPG squad is expected to be announced after supper.

Informed sources behind the pavilion at the Oval predict a tough encounter against the visitors who are regarded as among the foremost practitioners of French cricket in the Pacific.

During the tea interval, it is understood that the Rotisseurs 2nd XI will provide Roast Filet de Labrador Flambe a la silly mid-on Supreme.



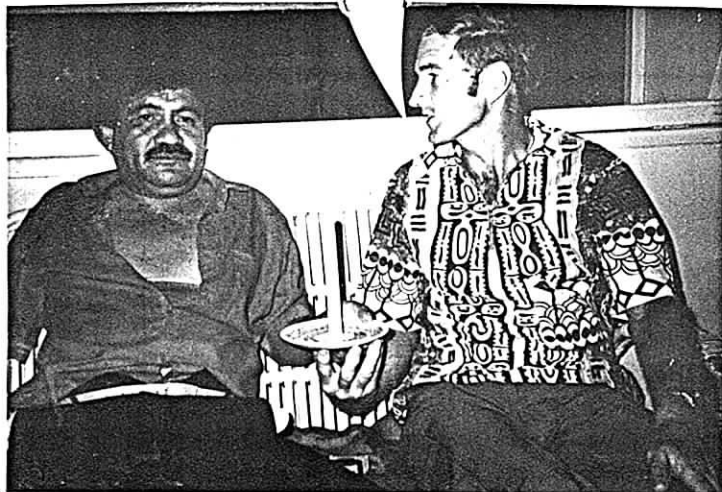
The sad sight which greeted Takutea bedmaker Teremoana Mophandle this morning when arriving for work at the Takutea Resort Lodge. "He was just sort of hanging there," said Mrs Mophandle (73)

Vera

WORLD WAR 6

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY

Are you sure that's where you want me to shove it?!



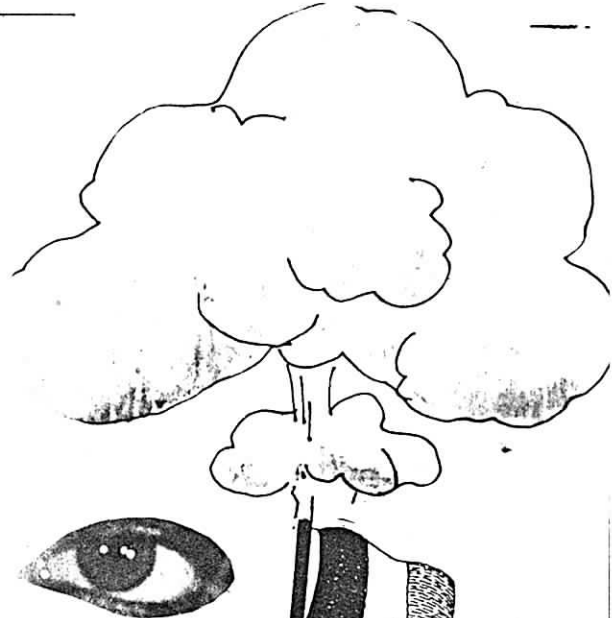
Yes, I do remember that 1985 cave trip... ..but couldn't we discuss this somewhere less public!



Three bloody days and... NOTHING!



← WARNING:
SLEEPING LIKE THIS IS A HEALTH HAZARD
AND WILL GET YOU NOWHERE ~ Surgeon General



Le
French
View



OFFICIEL

UP
VOUS

JE expects vous is allbursting to wish je un tres remarquable and fantastique happy nouveau 1988. Merci. Je accepts. Je is also très sure vous can't attendre to know mes thoughts sur le amazing 1987 which have seen le frequent come-uppance of many of les mighty ones except moi. Le year have seen le downfall of le execrable Gastric Floppe, le ghastly Kamikaze Mara, le appalling Seigneur DOM-TOM and almost le Grand Croak from le Leanie, le famous ghastly and most appalling priest whom je never trusted since je saw him chatting up un Libyan behind le vestry. Against that, nous have seen le continued triumphs of mon excellent St. Bernard le Ponce, le emergence of the notable Gneral Normal de Gorge (un homme qui merits un free Learjet if je ever saw un) et un succession of outstanding bangers of incroyable megattonnage which should be assez to shove un big un up any enemies of le Mighty Frog Empire. Tout in all, un joli bon year for nous. Homme de le Year je give to le formidable Kamikaze Mara who have shown all year enough Gaul to warrant un Legion d'Honneur et un nouveau Learjet at le Least. Tout le best,

Le Grand Frog.

THE JOURNAL

& THE (Last) WORD



THE POEMS

After many requests from readers who should know better, some of the VERA poems which achieved a certain notoriety a few years back now, will be re-printed ...at least those of them which can be dug up or are still floating around somewhere behind the pit latrine!

(This one was written for a good friend whose affection turned to hatred when she discovered VERA was not Maori!)

PROFILE

ENTREPRENEUR OF THE YEAR

Against what judges considered at times some of the fiercest competition in the history of the award, aging young whizz-kid of Taseal, Count Heissmiks van der Fail (43½ in a good light) was awarded the 1987 JOURNAL "Entrepreneur of the Year Trophy" - to be presented at a later date when it's paid for.

In their citation for the Award, the panel of judges noted that no one in their experience had owed so much to so many with so few.

In his speech of thanks, Herr van der Fail said he didn't deserve the trophy, whereupon the judges had second thoughts and decided to award it to the waitress with the biggest boobs instead.

COUNT HEISSMIKS VAN DER FAIL

ROAD TO RICHES



This rare shot of Count Heissmiks van der Fail, heir to all the Heissmiks and former Grand Master of the Manuae Beagle Pack, is regarded by experts in the field as offering valuable insights into the workings of the modern successful entrepreneurial approach. Count van der Fail's basic approach is regarded as extremely revolutionary, consisting as it does of planning his now notorious forays into the Tupapa share market while flat on his back in the early hours of the afternoon.

inangaro

if i were dancer of the year
i'd shoot you parrots with
my spear
cook them slowly on the shore
give you value for your tour
strum you songs on my guitar
show you my appendix scar
take you dancing tongue to
cheek
give you mighty south seas
week

if i were flanker in the A's
i'd let you watch me Saturdays
introduce you to the boys
shout sweet nothings thro'
the noise
joy ride on my one two five
slip you into overdrive
show you all my special ways
of winning mauls in second
phase

if i won mabel's talent quest
i'd get my nikao jersey pressed
give the well-known lion
squeeze
and run my fingers up your
knees
but i am hopelessly unbrown
a passing laughing white-faced
clown
offering just a trembling hand
and cold lust letters in the
sand

VERA